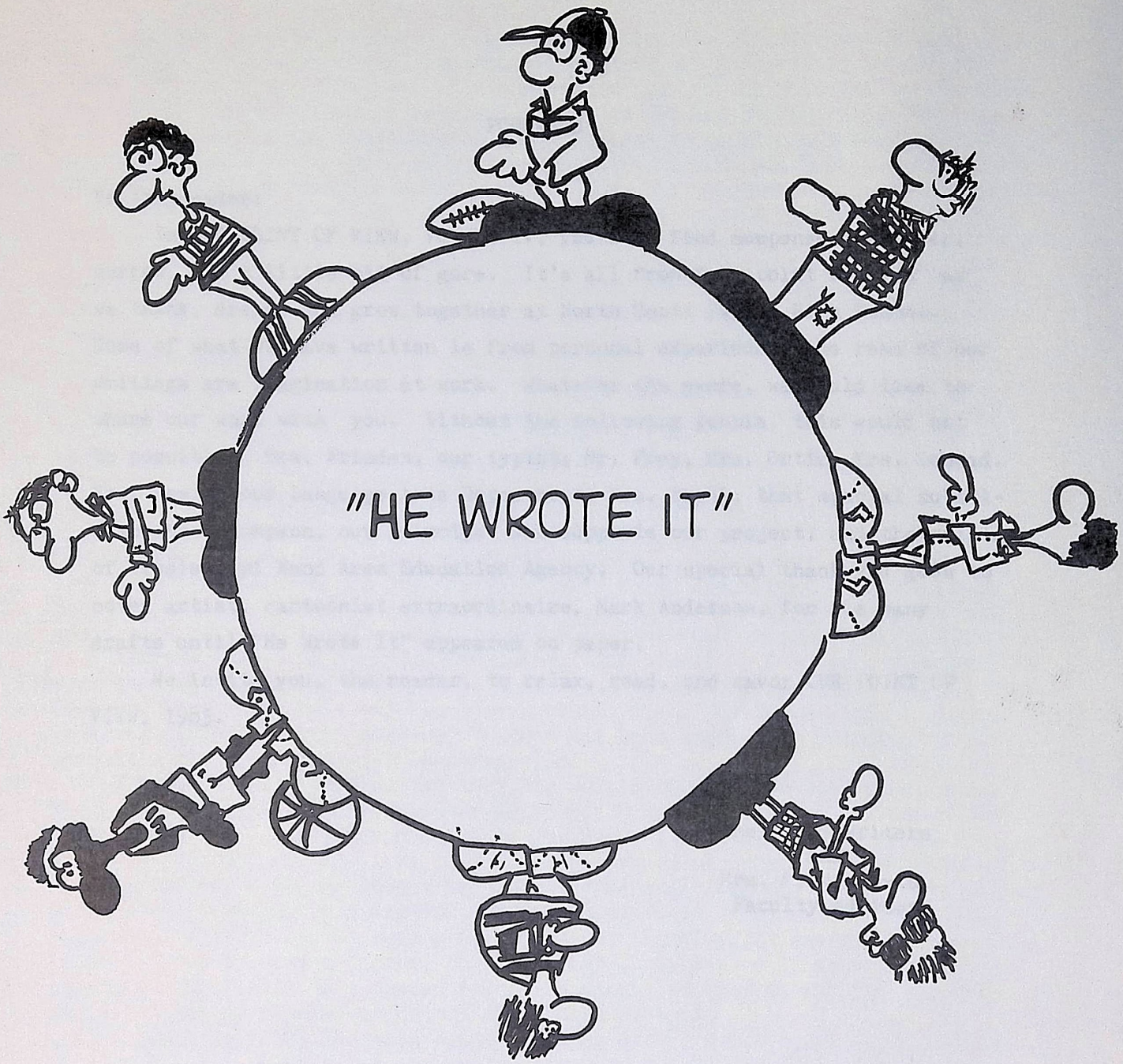
# OUR POINT OF VIEW




NORTH SCOTT JR. HIGH LITERARY MAGAZINE

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## FOREWARD

To the Reader:

In OUR POINT OF VIEW, VOLUME IV, you will find suspense, laughter, sorrow, and a little bit of gore. It's all from "our point of view" as we think, dream, and grow together at North Scott Junior High School. Some of what we have written is from personal experience; the rest of our writings are imagination at work. Whatever the genre, we would like to share our work with you. Without the following people, this would not be possible: Mrs. Frieden, our typist; Mr. Frey, Mrs. Ortiz, Mrs. Schrad, Mrs. Lewis, our Language Arts Department; Mrs. Nagel, that special substitute; Mr. Thompson, our principal who supports our project; and the printers of Mississippi Bend Area Education Agency. Our special thank you goes to cover artist, cartoonist extraordinaire, Mark Anderson, for his many drafts until "He Wrote It" appeared on paper.

We invite you, the reader, to relax, read, and savor CUR POINT OF VIEW, 1985.

Enjoy!

The NSJHS Writers
and
Mrs. M. Q. Lewis,
Faculty Advisor

# My Adventure in the Great Pyramid

I am the great-grandson of Howard Carter, the man who discovered King Tut's tomb. I'd like to tell you about one of my own discoveries in ancient Egypt. It all started out when I was making a tour of the Nile Valley, Egypt...

It was the third day of my visit, which so far had proved rather boring. I had just been to the Cairo Museum and I decided to explore the Great Pyramid at Giza. I thought it would be interesting to go inside and look around, since I had never before been inside a pyramid. Boy, did it turn out to be interesting!

My two Arab guides and I arrived at the Great Pyramid by camel at about 11:00 in the morning. It was a relief to get off the beasts considering their quite foul scent. (My guides had told me that I would have to throw away the clothes I wore on the camel because of the stench.) As I dismounted my ride, I looked up to see the huge monolith looming over me. I marveled at its sheer immensity. I found myself wondering how people some four thousand years ago could have constructed such an enormous spectacle.

My guides and I made our way in the hot sun to the northern face of the pyramid. The heat was not as bad as it would have been in summer, but it was still uncomfortable. When we reached the north side, we slowly climbed the centuries-old stones to the entrance. However, when we were finally at the entrance, the Arabs would not go in. They would go no further.

"Muse baachao!" one of them exclaimed, and they fled.

"Muse baachao" meant "the curse."

I then proceeded to enter the pyramid alone. After a few feet of walking down a sloping corridor, I was forced to turn on my flashlight since no light penetrated the bulk of the megalith. The pyramid was deathly quiet. The only sound that could be heard was the sound of my footsteps on the stone floor.

After a time, the corridor leveled out and opened into a small chamber. I knew from my studies of the pyramid that I was in the Underground Chamber. The dust was thick and the floor was strewn with rubble. There were still charred marks on the walls where workers' torches had been during the building of the pyramid. The room had never been finished.

I began to sift through the sand and rubble to find some souvenir, something I could take home to remember my visit to the only one of the Seven Wonders of the World still standing. The smell of bat dung hung heavily in the dry air as I dug through the dirt. After a few minutes of digging on my hands and knees I looked up to see that I had gone beyond what I thought was just a pile of rubble. I was now digging out what appeared to be an opening in the wall. Apparantly the rubble had been placed there to disguise the opening. Frantically I began working faster, thinking that I might have discovered a new corridor. My faster pace caused billowing clouds of dust to fly up from the floor. I had my attention focused elsewhere, however.

A small crawlway had been opened and was soon cleared out. As I crawled through it, I thought about the implications of my discovery. No modern man had ever seen this passageway before. Who knew what I would find at the end of the long, twisting tunnel?

I crawled through the tunnel for quite some time. I don't know how long, but it seemed like forever. I was exhausted and just about ready to turn back when I suddenly smelled the sweet fragrance of incense. I continued on.

Soon I came to an alabaster jar filled with the incense I had smelled. The jar was creamy-white and painted with bright, intricate designs. This discovery baffled me. Historians claimed that shortly after this pyramid had been built, robbers had plundered it and stolen everything inside it. They had taken the mummy and all objects of value. Incenses and oils had been stolen first, since they were of great worth in Ancient Egypt. How then could this jar and its contents remain?

It was shortly after I found the jar that the passageway became much higher and wider. The walls were not rough hewn as they had been before, but were smooth and polished, and covered with elaborate paintings. I shone my flashlight at the ceiling but the light didn't travel far enough to reach it. The hall was a construction of magnificent beauty and elegance. Rows of alabaster and lapislazuli vases lined the walls, which seemed to soar to the heights of the ceiling. Surely the tomb robbers hadn't reached this corridor!

As I continued walking the length of the fabulous hall I came upon a pink granite door. It opened to reveal the most breathtaking collection of artwork and treasure I have ever had the fortune to lay my eyes on. Golden objects of such magnificence and splendor that they seemed to dance in the light when my flashlight played over their surfaces, filled the room. A gilded ostrich feather fan was propped against a wall. An alabaster oil burner rested against another. Ornate chests laid on the pink granite floor. Statues of gods and demigods cluttered the empty spaces. A miniature golden shrine stood in a corner.

But by far the most spectacular of everything in the chamber was the object at its center--a sarcophagus for the Pharoah Cheops. Hieroglyphics were inscribed over its entire surface and it was studded with precious stones. I knew that within the sarcophagus would be treasures even more great--the Pharoah's coffin, and inside it, his royal mummy!

Suddenly, in the distance, I heard the voices of a search party looking for me. I rushed out of the chamber, down the hall, and through the small tunnel into the dingy room where I'd started. When the leader of the group saw me, he rushed forward.

"Where have you been?" he asked. His eyes narrowed as he looked at the crawlway from which I had come. "Where does that tunnel lead?"

I thought of telling him about following in my great-grandfather's footsteps, but decided not to.

"The tunnel is a dead end. There's no use exploring it," I replied.

The Pharoah Cheops had rested in peace four thousand years. There was no sense disturbing him now.

THE END

Jesse Nagel

## Fishing Techniques

This information on fishing techniques is for people who like the act of fishing but don't like to deal with any of the gross stuff. I am this type of fisherwoman. To cast a line out and set it exactly where you want it is heavenly... and the slow easy pull as you watch it come back is great. It is true ectasy when you get the hit and the trick is to get it in without losing the fish.

The following is a list of items you will need: a good tackle box that includes extra hooks, weights, lures, a small net, and scissors. Another important item is a wire basket that can be tied to a boat or dock and sits in the water. (I don't know its official name??) You will need handi wipes, those wet cloths in a dispenser. Last, of course, you need minnows and worms in the regular containers. I also bring a good bug repellent.

Now for the techniques... baiting the hook is the #1 gross part of fishing. If you decide on the worms you take a handi wipe, use it to pick up the worm and lay the worm out on a flat surface. Take your hook and push it through the worm quickly in about three places. If you don't want to watch just aim and look away. This works very well and you have not actually touched the worm. Thank goodness worms don't scream!

Let's say you pick the minnow. You remove one from the bucket with the small net. Lay it out on a flat surface. Now very gently step on the minnow. Don't squash it but the idea is to get it to lie still in one piece. Again you take the hook and aim and hook the minnow. An old fisherwoman assured me that if you see a little blood it's okay as it just "sweetens the minnow."

I prefer to fish by myself or off away from the others. I hate tangled lines and people talking constantly. Fishing should be a solitare sport which allows for thinking, day dreaming and a time of peace and quiet to enjoy nature.

The second gross item to deal with comes right after the bliss. You catch a fish... how to get the fish off your line so you can continue to fish. Take the scissors and after placing the fish in the wire basket - - - you cut the line. Tie on another hook and grab the handi wipes or small net. It's wonderful and all of the above works.

You're welcome!!

Mrs. P. Gould
North Scott Junior High

## Second Coming

It was 9:56.

Jon strolled into the living room of his economy-sized apartment. He was clad in a crimson-colored robe and a pair of French sandals. He wafted past the easy chair to the television on the north side of the room and switched it on.

"THIS IS NEWS - CENTER 6, YOUR LEADING NEWS CHANNEL!"

A trumpet played 3 quick notes and then the television warmed up to show the anchor room and the two correspondents seated behind a counter. They were shuffling papers.

"WELCOME TO NEWS -CENTER 6. WE SERVE THE GREATER QUAD-CITY AREA. GOOD EVENING, I'M GERALDINE HICKS, HEAD ANCHOR-WOMAN FOR W.O.C. LATE NIGHT.

"AT 6:35 TONIGHT A MAN WEARING A HOCKEY MASK AND 'BEAT-IT' JACKET BROKE INTO WENDY'S ON BRADY, SCREAMED "WHERE'S THE BEEF?" AND OPENED FIRE. TWO PEOPLE..."

Jon left the television blaring and entered the kitchen. It was very small and was done in warm colors. Jon managed to grab jars of peanut butter, jelly, and a bag of bread bearing the symbol 'extra large'. He pulled a regular kitchen knife from the silverware rack and began the incredulous task of making a sandwich.

"... THE OWNER OF THE BOOKSTORE SAYS HE DOESN"T BELIEVE IN WERECREATURES BUT THERE COULD BE NO OTHER EXPLANATION..."

Spreading peanut butter was a loathesome task but the effort was well worth it. Several times Jon ripped holes in the bread until he became so frustrated he tossed it and began a new piece. What good was a sandwich with holes, anyway?

"...THE TRIO SAID THE VANDALISM WAS ONLY DONE AS A MEANS OF REVENGE AT SOCIETY. IN ENGLAND TODAY A GROUP OF TERRORISTS STAGED AN ATTACK ON POLICE. THEY CLAIMED THEY HAD PLANTED A NUCLEAR WARHEAD SOMEWHERE IN BIG BEN..."

Jon began to spread the jelly. A bomb in Big Ben? The jelly was strawberry and spread easily over the bread. Funny how it reminded him of blood.

"...MYSTERY OF DISAPPEARING GARBAGE CANS CONTINUES TODAY. 3 MORE WERE STOLEN IN DOWNTOWN DAVENPORT..."

Jon wrapped his long, spindly fingers around the sandwich and returned to the living room. To some people Jon might be considered tall. He seemed to have a European look about him. He had long, almost talonlike fingernails. Beside the television was a bookshelf that contained titles like H.P. Lovecraft's 'Call of Cthulu', Bram Stoker's 'Dracula' and a collection of Edgar Allen Poe.

"...AND THERE'S A HIGH PRESSURE AREA OVER DES MOINES TONIGHT SO WATCH OUT FOR TWISTERS..."

Jon polished off the last of the sandwich.

To the ordinary viewer there might be a few things that seemed strange about Jon's abode. The drapes were constantly closed. Once a night visitor commented that there were no mirrors in the house, supposedly too expensive.

"...AND WE CLOSE TONIGHT'S NEWSCAST WITH A SOMEWHAT EERY FOOTNOTE. THE BODY OF 24 YEAR OLD NATASHA ROWLAND WAS FOUND TODAY, DEAD. THE ONLY WOUNDS WERE TWO SMALL PUNCTURES ON THE JUGULAR VEIN, WHICH, DID NOT SHOW ANY SIGNS OF BLEEDING OR INFECTION. MEDICAL AUTHORITIES GUESSED SHE MUST HAVE BEEN ANEMIC..."

Jon smiled. It was a hideous smile that almost took up half his face and revealed 2, long, sharp, teeth on either side of his mouth. An evil red glow seemed to penetrate his eyes.

"...THE CORONER WAS RETURNING FROM A CONVENTION IN CHICAGO SO THE BODY WAS TAKEN TO A NEARBY MORGUE. WHEN THE CORONER RETURNED AROUND 8 O'CLOCK, THE BODY HAD DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY FROM THE MORGUE..."

There was a knock on the door. Jon got up to answer it.

"...WE HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED TONIGHT'S BROADCAST AND WE HOPE YOU WILL STAY TUNED FOR THE LATE MOVIE, 'LOVE AT FIRST BITE'."

The door opened easily. A dark haired woman of medium height stood outside his door. She was about 24.

"Hello, Natasha."

Jarl Anderson

## A Little Shrew

Once upon a time;
far, far away;
I met a little shrew,
who just caught the flue.

He said, "It's in the jar",
but I said, "It's not by far."

For it was a little bug,
and he gave the jar a hug.

Then suddenly the glass was broke,
and his bug was very provoked;
so it got out and stung him so,
on his little shrew toe.

And that was that!

Jennifer Schwartzhoff

## My Little Inchworm

On a foggy gray autumn morning, much
like today, a small little inchworm
squirmed my way.

He looked so small, that I picked
him up and made him look tall.

He then got so happy, he shouted with
glee...
"May rainbows and pink clouds be all
around you and me."

Then the most wonderful thing
began, the sky got blue, rainbows
and gray clouds started to mend.

Then the foggy gray autumn morning,
much like today...
just went away.

Jennifer Schwartzhoff

# Another Ewok Adventure

## Chapter I "The Meeting"

Paploo and Wicket were down by Silver Lake when they heard a noise over by the oak tree. Paploo told Wicket to get behind the bush. Wicket did what he was told. Then Paploo asked who was there. No one answered his call or came out. After a few minutes Paploo saw a squirrel come out. When Wicket and Paploo were done getting water and wood, they headed out for home.

Their home was just a mile from Silver Lake. If they happened to need a break they could stop at Logray's house which was in between the lake.and the Ewok's home.

When Paploo and Wicket got home it was time for dinner. Their father had just gotten home too. He had been looking for some vegetables for a salad.

They all had just sat down for dinner when they heard a noise outside. Teebo went to look to see who was there. It was their friends, R2D2, C3PO, Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia, and Chewbacca. Teebo invited them all in to have dinner with them. Suddenly Teebo realized that one of his friends was missing. It was Han Solo. Teebo talked to his friends and found out what had happened. Teebo said they could spend the night and then in the morning they could go find their friend.

## Chapter II "The Snakes"

In the morning they got their horse ready. They let Paploo, Wicket, and R2 ride in the hut on the horse. After Princess Leia and Lumat had the food basket ready they took off.

When they were about 3 miles away from Doom Delight they saw a huge snake that had purple spots and pointed things on its back. The only weapon they had was a gun. And they couldn't shoot at it because it would just get madder than it already was. Finally it backed off for a while. They left and when they got past this huge rock the snake stopped and another snake came out and it was carrying a baby snake in its mouth.

## Chapter XII "Doom Delight"

So they went on. Doom Delight was the second most feared place of the Ewoks. And in order for them to get to Demon Mountain where their friend was they had to go through Doom Delight. It was an underground cave. Now they were there. Luke was the first to walk in the door. They needed light so they got out their torch. What they could see was terrible. There were rats and spiders on the floor. On the wall were holes and snakes and ants were crawling in and out of them. In some places were some old ancient drawings. Suddenly they heard a loud roaring noise. Teebo knew it was the friendly dragon. The dragon really was friendly and would only hurt someone if they tried to hurt him. The dragon let them go because he knew they would not, of course, hurt him. Now they were at the end but first they had to cross the underground river. This was the worst part for the current in the river was as hard as anyone in the land of of Ewok Eternea has ever known. There was a very think rope tied from one end of the river to another. There was a boat on one end and the other. The boats were tied to the rope for the people who crossed the river, Finally they were across safely.

## Chapter IV "Demon Mountain"

Now they were at the entrance of Demon Mountain. Again Luke walked in first. It was a cold feeling place. It had jail cells all over. Then they spotted Han. They got him out by shooting the lock on the door with the laser gun.

They had just gotten out of the entrance when they saw someone behind them. They all ran as fast as they could and they actually got away. When they got home they had a celebration around the fire.

Carrie Sherrill

## Character Chart

**family**

Children: Wicket is the youngest & Paploo the oldest.

Parents: mother is Lumat, father is Teebo

**Logray**

is the families neighbor

**Chief Chirpa**

is the chief of the village

**Friends**

R2D2
C3PO
Luke Skywalker
Han Solo
Princess Leia
Chewbacca

## Friendship is ...

A person who cares, shares
and never forgets you whatever
happens; but most of all a
friend is always around
to pick you up when you fall
down.

Tracy Damron

When it's winter I think of spring,
Spring, spring and the birds that sing.

When it's spring and summer's on the way,
Summer, summer a time to play.

When it's summer and fall is near,
Fall, fall the prettiest time of year.

When it's fall and winter is at hand,
Winter, winter snow covered land.

When it's winter I think of spring....

Kym Gradin

## Love

Love is happiness
The moonlight gleaming off the water
two silhouettes kissing under the stars
a hug from your husband
a kiss from your wife
Love is a family
a brother's protection
a sister's affection
love is from the heart
love is inside a pregnant woman
a new baby
your old friends
your new friends
love is life

Mary Greve

Tammi

"Mommy, wake up. It's time to go to Grandma's farm!" said Terri. It was 8:30 on Saturday and Terri's mom was going to take her to her grandparents' house to see the animals. She was very excited to go see Tammi, her horse, and all the other animals on her grandparents' farm. Terry and her mom would have to drive thirty minutes but Terri didn't mind. She loved her grandparents a lot but what she liked best was seeing all the animals.

"First," said her mom, "we have to get all dressed, then eat breakfast and then we can go." Terri's mom didn't like driving that far and wasn't nearly as excited as Terri but she loved her parents and liked to visit them. They went most every week. Terri hurried to get ready and finally they were there.

"Here we are!" said mom as they drove up the road.

"Hi, Grandma! Hi, Grandpa!" Terri said.

"Oh, my granddaughter is getting to be such a big girl," Grandma said. Terri giggled because she was embarrassed.

"Where's Tammi?" she asked. She was curious because Tammi was usually grazing on the front lawn.

"I'm not sure," Grandma said nervously. "Grandpa, take Terri out and show her some of our new animals while her mom and I talk."

"What kind of new animals did you get?" Terri said trying to make conversation. She was really thinking about Tammi.

"Well...," Grandpa paused trying to think of some animals and at the same time trying to think of a way to tell her. "Oh yeah, we just got a kennel set up in the back. Want to see it?" He was stalling for time. "We also bought some dogs and one was pregnant. We didn't even know it until one morning I came out to feed them and there they were, nine little puppies. If you want one you can have one. They're cute as pie," he said laughing to himself.

"You know, Terri," he said starting to explain, "how when your... uh.." He was trying to figure out what to say. "...your father died, um, that everyone explained to you where he was and how he wasn't coming back, but he still loved you very much?" he asked, relieved to finally get something out.

"Yeah," she said not having the faintest idea of what he was talking about.

"Well, you see, Tammi, um, well, Tammi isn't coming back either, you..."

"What? Where is she? What happened to her?" she said crying. She felt dizzy and couldn't think. She tried to say something but it wouldn't come out. She was scared and sad and didn't know what was going on.

He put his arm around her and tried to calm her down. They turned around and went back to the house. He wished he could have done something. "After all," he thought, "Tammi's been her horse since she was two. She had a right to be this upset."

Later that day, Terri went to bed without supper. She just sat there looking at pictures of her and Tammi in contests and other things. Every once in a while she would laugh or cry, but the whole time she felt like someone just ripped her heart out.

The next day she woke up and took a bath and got her face wet so it wouldn't look like she had been crying all night. She just sat in the bathtub for a half hour. She wanted to melt and go down the drain. Finally her mom came in and asked if she wanted to leave this morning or tonight like usual.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose tonight, otherwise Grandma and Grandpa might feel bad."

"OK," her mom said, trying to smile and make her feel better.

The day went slowly, but finally it was time to go home. When they got home, they went to bed without saying a word.

On Monday Terri went back to school and everything started getting back to normal. On the next Friday they got ready to go to her grandparents' and when they got there Terri's grandpa was standing on the porch with a little Husky puppy in his arms.

"Oh Mom, look at the puppy. He's so cute!" she said getting her arms ready to hold him.

"He's a she and she's for you," Grandpa said lovingly. "It's the least we could do," he thought.

Everyone was petting and tickling and talking to the puppy and all of a sudden Terri said, "Wait a minute here, doesn't she have a name?"

"We were waiting for you to name her," Grandpa said.

"Then I'll name her Tammi," she said smiling and gave her new dog a big hug.

Jenny Dugan

## Home

When I think of home, I think of happiness. A home is suppose to be a place of love.

Our home is a place of love and I like it that way.

If our house was full of hate I'd be sick. When we have company over we'd be fighting all the time, and people wouldn't come over any more. But if our house was full of love our friends would start coming over all the time.

Also, if our house was full of hate then our lives would be boring. We wouldn't be able to do family stuff like the average American family does. Like go to movies, shopping, out to eat, and to friends' houses because we would be fighting all the time. It would be a really boring life. My mom and dad would get a divorce. That would be bad.

I'm glad I have a loving and happy home. Like they say, "Home Sweet Home".

Brian Owens

## School

School is learning
School is sweating (gym)
School is homework
School is School

## Tests

Tests are trouble
I don't like them a bit
Too tough for me

## Math

Math is my last class
It's a lot of fun
You learn about Mass
And you can't chew gum

## April

April is a month I like
Pretty is April
Really a wet month
It's the month of my birthday
Lightning and rain in April

## Plays

Plays I see a lot of them
They mean no harm
But they're awfully dumb
They're lucky charm

Beth Splinter

## The Lonely Days of Barney

Barney walked down a busy sidewalk. He sniffed the air and found the scent of fresh cut pork. He licked his chops and thought of pork chops. He scampered towards the pork. He walked between an old woman and an old man. They seemed nice enough and Barney felt secure. Finally he found the pork. It was in a huge building that had a short pudgy man in white and had a chicken hanging by its neck, feathers and all. Barney licked his chops again. Then suddenly a net fell over him.

"Well, well, well, what have I here?" said a man in a dark gray uniform. Barney shook and let out a small frightened bark. Barney was carried to a big truck with lots of cages that were all empty. The man put Barney in a small silver-gray cage.

"In here, boy," said another strange man in a red shirt and blue pants. Barney hesitated, then went in feeling defeated. He was in the pound and was so lonely.

Since Barney came, he felt so lonely, thinking about how his family abandoned him. But he noticed a little lass dog next to him. Perfect teeth and tail, he thought. She looked very understanding.

People came everyday. Children came and asked their mommies if they could have Barney. They said, "Barney's too big." Barney now slept because no one wanted him.

One week passed. Finally, it was the final day. If Barney wasn't adopted, he'd be put to sleep. Barney knew what that smell gray room was for, but he didn't care. The little lady dog was adopted. He went back to sleep.

"Hello, fellow," said a homely looking man. He had awaken Barney.

"You're a fine looking fellow," he said. "How would you like to live on my farm where I have many dogs?"

Barney wagged his tail and barked. He had found a home and he found out something else. The little lady dog was his neighbor. One thing Barney wished though was that his master would not name him Rover.

This story is dedicated to Smork a Mor, Barney, and Missy.

Kelli Hoag

## My Definition of Courage

Courage to me is someone who is not afraid to admit something that was bad or wrong to do. For example: slashing tires, stealing stuff out of stores, and breaking something of the families'. If someone could admit they were cheating on a test, he has a lot of courage, even if they know they will get into a lot of trouble. For example: my friend, was caught shoplifting at North Park. She had the courage to tell the guards she did shoplift. That is my definition of courage.

Kari Petersen

## Katie's Story

Well, I really don't know how to start this out, but it's something you will never forget no matter how old and prumy looking you get!

I'm a true tomboy. I can out ride, spit, and cuss any boy you can find for miles around.

This all started when these low down good for nothin' scumballs rolled into town. I was 12 at the time, and Conesville had always raised a good bunch of kids. But no one will ever forget these people!

Conesville is a good place in the middle of Iowa. Every person ever to move there has all ways been as sweet as sugarcane - or even rock candy - that's always been my favorite!

The farm has been in my family for over 100 years, and it's had it's share of troubles. My granddaddy's from years back worked themselves into their graves and that's what my grandpa did. God bless his soul. The only one left in the family is me and my grandma Rose. Everyone calls her that; it's just something that's been passed down. No one ever told me what happendd to my mother and father but it must not have been good.

It all started when two of our mares got loose, my horse Nipper and an old work horse named Nothin. It used to be good for nothin' but that got dropped a few years ago. They would always get loose; they just were out to have a little fun, but they strayed out to the no good neighbor's house. And they got a hold of Nipper. Nothin got away and came home but they said Nipper caused damage to their dog. They told Rose she'd have to pay them $90.00 for that old dog. I never heard of any old farm dog that cost that much. But old Rose, the nice lady she was, who always worked harder than she had to on things that really didn't matter, paid the $90.00. Now, that got me mad. Rose always said, "You do something bad, something bad will happin to you." Well I guess she was right!

After that she told me it was about time I started to act like a girl! I was red hot mad! But she gave me that look like grandma knows best and I gave in and allowed her to make me an outfit for the fall dance that was coming up.

The night of the dance came, and she made me a really pretty pink shirt with cross stitch roses on the side, it was the nicest thing I'd ever seen. I got to the dance and there he was. My good for nothin low down scumball neighbor! I could have gone over and spit in his eye but I didn't, I had a better idea! So me and the boys started talking about how much fun it would be if we scared a little lesson into that no good dirtball!! So we went home and got some sheets and we waited real quiet like over next to the barn. After a while he came walking by then we jumped him! I'd never seen any one so scared in all my days, but we told him how wrong he was for taking the money from that little old lady. We told him if he didn't give it back the next day he'd never live in peace again.

So the next day he gave the money back to Rose and I don't think she ever knew how she got it back.

Katie Hill

## Pencils

I'd like to tell you about a very useful thing.
It doesn't honk and it doesn't ring.
It's made of lead and wood, of course.
So listen good because I'm going hoarse.
I'm talking about a pencil, that's right.
If you didn't have one, you couldn't write.
You couldn't do Math or even draw.
And if we didn't have any, the kids would say, "Awww".
But some kids don't use them; they'd rather use pens.
So let's use pencils and not give pencils their end.

by Erich Halen

## Mom and Dad

Mom and Dad are really smart.
They give us love straight from
the heart.
They teach us good manners they
learned when they were young.
They teach us nice songs they have
already sung.
My Mom is short, my Dad is tall.
They treat us real nice, and they
give us their all.

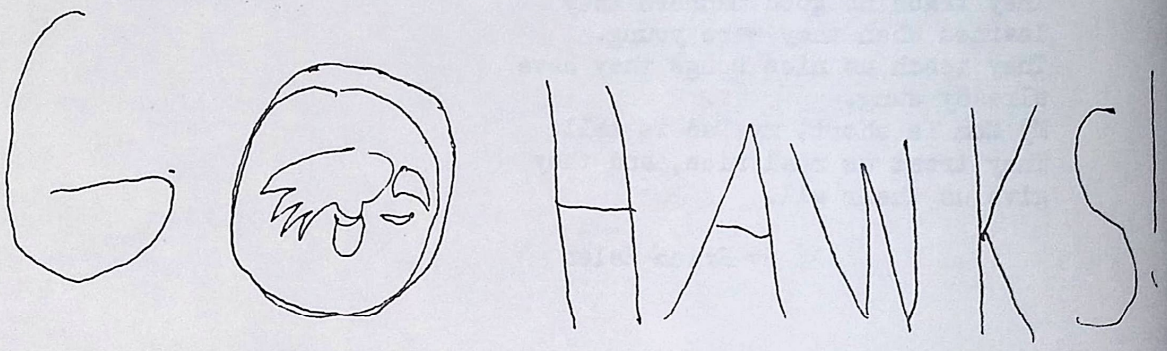
by Erich Halen

## Poem to My Mother

My Mom is nice and beautiful.
She gives us love and makes us joyful.
She makes our day so really sweet.
She gives us food; she cooks real neat.
We always have lots of fun.
Her face is so bright it shines like the sun.
We love her much, we love her true.
We love the things she does for us and we know
she loves us too.

by Erich Halen

Hawkeyes are the best.
In football and basketball especially
From Long to Harmon to Gill
In football
In basketball
It's Wright
to Stokes
to Payne
to Lorenzen
From Minnesota
to Michigan
to Illinois
to Northwestern
to Purdue
to Wisconsin
to Ohio State
to Michigan State
to Indiana
to Iowa State
Iowa has no challenge
I love the Hawks.




Brian Owens

We met on a week night; you were quiet and shy.
You seemed caring and loving, a pretty nice guy.
We kissed in the moonlight, held hands in the dark;
Something special about you just set off a spark.
We were compatible lovers and appeared to be friends;
We shared failures and triumphs, we were true on both ends.
I gave you my heart,
But it didn't make you happy, we fell apart, so it seems.
To fight for your affection only pushes you away;
But my heart says it loves you and wants you to stay.
To make it without you, I'd surely be fine;
But I love you, I want you; take me back, please be mine.
What we had was so special and to me meant so much;
And I sure miss your kisses, your smile and your touch.
If you can put this behind you and forget what we had,
Reconsider your thoughts - there was more good than bad.
And if after you think, can you still push me aside,
Then I'll respect all your wishes, by your decision, I'll abide.
For the rest of your life you can always depend
On the love and my friendship, for true love will not end.
If we can't be together and we must be apart,
I'll forever be your "Angel" and you'll forever hold my heart.
Please hold me in your arms and wipe away my tears;
Please share with me tomorrow and chase away my fears.
For I love you more than life - without your love it seems so still
And if you won't have my love - no one else ever will.
For I can't tolerate the sorrow and I can't live with the pain,
Without your caring arm around me, I won't live or love again.

Stephanie Krambeck

## School

School is a place, with teachers and books;
Students and principals, all different looks.

School is a place for each to learn,
A brighter tomorrow, thus a page to be turned.

## Life

Life is so wonderful, when it's shared,
With love and confession, with someone that cares.

Life is so wonderful, when your goods you have gained;
Facing tomorrow, without yesterday's shame.

## Plants

My plants are green.
I like them so.
It is a mystery,
How they do grow!

Debbie Rieck

## RED

Red is the blood we see every day
Red is the rose they put on your grave
Red is the color when you rot away
Red is the color of war
Red is when splat on the floor
Red is the color of fame and gore
Red is the hair of the lady next door
Red is when you get your finger caught in the door.

by Ron Rhodes

## Hold the Pickles

Crocodiles,
understand,
relish
The arms and legs and the feet of man.
Why you ask?
Hand burger, my man!
It's true
Spaghetti fingers they like, too.
Long lanky legs they digest well.
"Enough, enough, enough!" I cry.
"Revolting stories make me die."

by Curt Whisler

## Me as the Country

Life as the country is very rough.
But I am the land, and I am really, tough.
I dread the day of nuclear war.
The bombs will drop, and the missles will
soar,
Will there be any left of me?
Do I have to doubt?
Will there be any people left?
We'll just have to find out.

by Erich Halen

## Unleashing Anger

Warmly dressed
in favorite sweats
Ankle taped
Light running shoes
Letting out my anger
Running away the blues.

Jog to the track
My favorite place to run
Then go to the Starting line
Hearing the shot of a gun
I take off sprinting
My own race I have won.

by Gwen Claeys

## City Lights

Sparkling city lights
Bright as they can be
Shine, Shine light up
the city.
Big, small, flashy
All over-, little stars
blue, red, yellow, all colors.
All around the city
Let them shine
Dazzling city lights.

## Sun set

Covering the sky all around.
North to South, West to East
Blue, the color of the ocean water.
Pink, color of skin
Reddish, color of lips steaming
Yellow, the suns reflections
Orange dazzling orange, lights
up the whole sky.
As the sun sets down to
rest for the night.
What a sunset.

by Rachel Ortiz

## Lisa McKenzy's Disappointment

I ran through the events that had happened the day before. Scott, my brother, broke 2 of his ribs, I got a "D" in Algebra, and worst of all, my parents are getting a divorce!

I wish Grandpa were here. He would know what to do. Why did he have to die?

I ran out the back door and down to the creek. My friend Wendy was there. We talked.

"My parents got a divorce," Wendy said. "It takes a while but eventually the hurt goes away."

"I guess I really can't prevent this from happening then, can I?" I asked.

"Wait. There might be a way but I don't know if it will work," Wendy said.

"What is it? Tell me!" I said.

"Okay! Okay! You can try to get sick. But you'll have to get really, I mean really, sick! Lisa, you have to be really convincing. I don't know," Wendy explained.

"Thanks," I replied.

I took Wendy's advice and pretended to be very sick.

"Hey Wendy, wait up," I said trying to catch up.

"Hi, still have the problem?" she asked.

"Yes. Oh, your plan hasn't been working. I have been pretending to get a stomach ache for almost a month. It doesn't work," I told her.

"Lisa, you have to <u>really</u> get sick. Try staying home because of it. Are you sure you can't just tell you mom about it instead?" Wendy asked.

"Yes, well I have to go. I'll try the sick bit okay?" I replied.

"Okay," she said not real sure.

Another week passed and nothing. No response at all. Then one day.....

"Lisa, there is something wrong isn't there?" Mrs. McKenzy asked.

"Well, actually yes. I think I should stay home again today. I don't feel well," I said.

"Oh, really? Are you sure? That makes a whole week that you've been home." she said.

"Yes, Mom, I'm sure," I said.

"Sweetheart, you don't have to pretend that you are sick anymore. It's all right! Everything will be okay," Mom said.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"You're my daughter and I can tell when something's wrong. That's not important now," Mom said.

"But, I did it because I don't want you to break up," I said breaking down.

"Neither do I sweetheart. Neither do I," Mom said hugging me.

"Well, then why are you going to go through with it. I don't understand," I asked pleadingly.

"I just...It's the right thing to do. I love your dad but things just aren't right. It's not the same as it was. Things are different," Mom explained.

"Oh, Mom!" I said crying.

"Things will be hard for a while but we will work it out," Mom told me, trying to be understanding.

"So you're still going to get the divorce?" I asked.

"Yes, Honey," she said teary-eyed.

Sarah Dix

## When You're Stuck in a Rut

When you're stuck in a rut and don't know
what to do.

Do you stop to think that others are
just as stuck as you?

No ideas, no suggestions, and the words
are too few?

When this happens, what are we to do?

Should we sit around and look down and
waste our lives away?

Or should we work hard to play with every
card, and learn what life's about?

Take time out to think of past, or
present, or maybe the future yet to
explore.

Then an idea, like a bolt of lightning,
will strike down your front door.

Jennifer Schwartzhoff

Red roses, blue violets,
Green meadows, white daisies.

Bright sunshine, shimmering lakes,
Fluffy clouds, shining rainbows.

Twittering sparrows, hopping robins,
Rabbits dashing here and there.

Neighing horses, lowing cattle,
Roosters crowing, hens clucking.

These are life to me.

Kym Gradin

## My Teddy Bear...

is very special to me.
My Teddy Bear is all brown
and he cuddles up with
me that's why he's my
Teddy Bear.

Tracy Damron

"Lightning"

Zipping through the dark sky,
Spreading light to people below,
Striking threes on the hillside,
Bellowing through the night,
It carries on like a madman,
Seeping into the earth -
The lightning has vanished.

Michelle Franklin

AUTUMN

Autumn is the time of year when many changes occur to the earth. The leaves change from green to yellows, reds, oranges, browns, and golds. Crops mature and ripen. Then comes the harvest. Birds and butterflies migrate south. Pumpkins are carved into scary jack-o-lanterns. Kids disguised in an assortment of costumes come around saying "trick or treat". Then comes the first frost; the flowers die, the leaves fall, and the trees' bare branches swing in the breeze. Thanksgiving comes and Grandmother's house is full of wonderful smells.

Autumn, the most beautiful time of the year, is accompanied by many fun activities such as football, duck hunting, pheasant hunting, weiner roasts over an open fire, jumping into leaf piles, aroma of burning leaves, hot chocolate, pumpkin pies, squash, and the anticipation of the upcoming winter and the first snow.

Dwight West

R O U N D and F A T
Sits the Cat

J u m p i n g l e a n

Crouching small

Playing MEAN

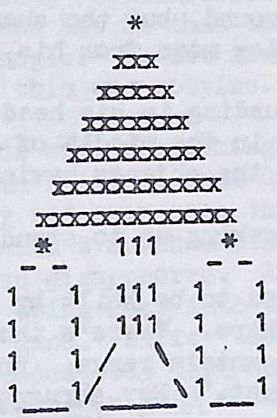
STANDING TALL

F a l l i n g gracefully
in a heap
And quickly falling
fast
asleep

by Janeen Heiman

## "CHRISTMAS IS"

Christmas is sparkling lights
and pretty places,
Christmas is a snowman
out in the cold,
Christmas is presents
wrapped in pretty red bows,
Christmas is snowflakes
so big and white,
Christmas is a feeling
of love and good will,
Christmas is the most wonderful
time of the year,
Christmas is crowded shopping malls
and long long lines,
Christmas is houses smelling
like pine,
Christmas is a jolly man in a red
velvet suit,
Christmas is hearing reindeer
prancing on your roof,
Christmas is all the angels and
Baby Jesus,
Christmas is little kids peeking
at presents before it's time,
Christmas is my favorite time
of the year.



Jenny Hough

The Wheels of Time

"And so I take it," said Ray, "That you have a magic spell that will turn us into knights in shining armor." He casually shot another paper clip into his glass.

"Well, yes. I mean no. I don't know," replied Parker, confused, "at least that's what it's supposed to do. My uncle has thousands of scrolls like this in his study. You never know."

"Listen Parker," Ray leaned over the table to get a better look at the scroll, "I know your uncle lives in a big castle over the sea, but this is a little too much. Why can't you ever bring simple things back from England, like a post card or something?" He sighed and pushed the scroll across the table.

"Oh, shut up. I've only got a few lines left to translate." Ray leaned back and closed his eyes. He fell asleep for what seemed like hours but in reality was only minutes.

He awoke, hearing Parker's whoop of jubilation.

"Wha's a matter," he said. For some strange reason he felt groggy.

"I've done it," exclaimed Parker, "and I did it all by myself. No help from my uncle or anybody!"

"Whoopee," replied Ray and flopped back into his chair. He was feeling drowsy, and was dimly aware of Parker reciting the scroll.

"...and to evil they will serve, willingly or unwillingly, thus be bound for all eternity."

What is he talking about? thought Ray, struggling to focus his eyes, which were clouded and uncertain. The room started to spin. He frantically tried to shout for Parker to stop, but no words came out. As he slipped into unconsciousness, the last thing he remembered was those words echoing through his mind: "...and thus be bound for all eternity."

Ray awoke, laying in spring-smelling grass. Judging by the amount of light, there were only a short few minutes before the sun would rise. He tried to turn his head to look around, but the sharp pain in his head told him that that was a mistake. A low moan from his left informed him that Parker was awake.

After a few minutes, the pounding in his head receded and Ray got up to look around. They were standing in the middle of a circle. The circle consisted of slabs of rock, each of the objects having three slabs that formed an upsidedown U.

"Stonehenge," asid Parker, waking up to stand beside Ray.

"What?"

"Stonehenge. It was supposed to be built by some Druids in ancient times. But it's supposed to be in Wiltshire. Where's the village? And look," he pointed to the west, "that's a mountain range. England doesn't have mountain ranges, at least not like that." Ray shrugged his shoulders. He was completely lost.

A full-throated growl came from behind them, and Ray and Parker whirled around by pure instinct. Facing them was a wolf larger than Ray had seen in any zoo. Froth was dripping from its fangs and its eyes glinted red. Suddenly a large figure sprang in front of the wolf with surprising agility.

"Strangers, over here," a voice called outside the stonehenge.

"Come on," Ray sprinted down the hill and urged Parker on.

"Here, this way," shouted a man, standing by a solid iron door set into the steep side of the hill." "Get in, hurry!" he shoved Ray and Parker through the door. There was an animal's howl, then silence.

"Where are we?" asked Parker.

"Where are you?! Where are .....you are strangers, aren't you?"

"Well, yes. You see it all started when I found this scroll, see, and-" Parker broke off in awe when an almost giant like figure burst through the door. For a minute or two he just sat on the floor with exhaustion. Then he spoke in a deep, strong voice, "The Demon hound is gone. Whoever sent it must have recalled it. So," he eyed Ray and Parker, "This is what we saved from certain death, Eh?" a smile was tugging at the corners of his mouth.

"Yes, they are, Caber," said the other man who was obviously enjoying their predicament, "and besides that, they don't even know where they're at!"

"Don't know where...Don't know where..." the man called Caber bellowed with laughter.

"Now listen," said Ray heatedly, thinking this was foolish behavior, "I don't see what's so funny. You're laughing like complete idiots. What happened was Merlin here," he indicated Parker, "read some magic spell or something and the next thing we knew, we were in the middle of that circle."

"Indeed," said the man, becoming serious, "My name is Osirius. I smell Druid's work in this," said Osirius.

"Aye," agreed Caber "and sure as shades they'll be at the circle tonight with the eye of Amber." Ray looked around. For the first time he noticed his surroundings.

The room was adequately furnished with a hearth set into the far wall. Torches were in brackets along the wall. On a long table scrolls, maps, and papers were sprawled all over along with the remains of an unfinished meal.

"This," Osirius pulled out a map from the pile, "is the circle." he pointed to a small hill in the center of the map. "Here is Guthliac, the ancient home of the Druids," he indicated a diagram of a castle in the Southwest corner. "Legend has it that the Druids were once good men, each having his own kind of magic." he sat down with his legs on the table. Worn marks on it showed that this was routine. He threw his sword belt on a peg in the door.

"One day, the Druids were preforming their annual sacred rights at the circle, a good half month's travel from Guthliac. As they were doing this, a strange man with fiery red skin came through one of the portals, carrying a large piece of amber with a human skull frozen inside it. He gave it to the Druidic council, then disappeared. As the years passed, the council was corrupted and a new being came into being. Generations passed and an evil shadow covered the land. Efric the Strong fought the evil with his magic and the shadow receded, but that was some two hundred winters ago. Now the shadow is growing again, and this valley is the last yet uncovered by it. Rumor has it that the eye of amber, which was what the piece was called, caused the evil."

"Wow," said Ray who had until now sat in silence. He could not even remember sitting down. Parker said nothing.

"Tonight is the full moon," said Caber, "The Portals will be open. If they are, you might be able to go home again."

"What do you mean 'might'?" said Parker.

"The Druids collect whoever is drawn through the portals and break them. If Caber and I hadn't been back when we were, the Demon hounds would have gotten you, and you would have been serving in the mindless armies of the undead of the Druids. They will be here as sure as shades to see where you are at. Demon hounds don't often lose their prey." explained Osirius.

"Yeah, thanks again," said Ray hurriedly.

Osirius, Caber, Parker, and Ray made plans for going to the Circle at nightfall.

"Remember," Ray recalled Caber saying, "If at all possible, do not look into their eyes. Each Druid has the power to hypnotize men by glance. At the best opportunity, go through the portal that you came from. You will be drawn back to your world. Caber and I will keep them off as long as possible. Time is important, the portals will remain open for only sixty seconds." He grasped the hilt of the sword that Osirius had given him. His palms were wet with sweat. He could see the figures of the Druids in the moonlight. A sudden flash of light burst from the other side of the hill. Parker grabbed his arm as voices in a strange language started shouting oaths as the Druids descended the hill.

"Come on!" Parker whispered hoarsely, "We've only got one minute." Ray agreed and they made a mad dash for the portal. When they were a short distance away, three Demon hounds sprang in front of them. Ray and Parker drew their swords as the beasts leaped. Parker was lucky. He stabbed his in the chest, but Ray only wounded his opponent. When it sprang again, Ray buried the sword to the hilt in it's chest, but then was pinned down by it's dead weight. Suddenly it was lifted off and thrown away by Caber's huge figure.

"So, your friend has already gone," he yelled as he engaged the third hound.

"But-"

"Don't argue! Just go!" he shoved Ray through the Portal. Again Ray got that drowsy, dizzy feeling. Again he felt wind howling around him and everything went black.

He awoke on the floor of Parker's den. Parker was pulling himself up beside him.

"Oh," he said, looking around him, "This place is a mess. My mom is going to kill me when she gets home."

"Well," said Ray, "one thing's for sure, it was no dream." He pointed to the swords covered in blood on the floor. "Yech. And look," he continued, astonished, "It's only been a minute since we left." Parker looked at the clock and found it was true.

"Well," said Parker with a sigh of reluctance, "let's clean up this mess."

Sean Denekas

## Alex the Talking Mouse

Alex was a mouse. He lived in a nice house on the out skirts of Carson, Florida. The family who lived in his house were nice to him. Their son, Alan, was 7 years old and played with Alex a lot.

One day while Alex was eating dinner in his little mouse house, he heard a noise outside. He ran to his door to see what was happening. He saw a big man carrying a cage.

Alan was pleading, "Please, mister, don't take him. Please don't take him."

The man said to Alan, "I must take him because he is a health hazard. He may make you sick if you played with him any more."

Alan tugged at his leg, trying to hold him back.

"I have to do my job, Alan, let me go!" commanded the man.

Alan was crying now. Alan let go.

The man walked over to Alex's hole. He set the cage down and put some cheese in it. Alex couldn't help himself, he had to have that cheese. Alex walked out of his hole into the cage. The cage door slid shut behind him. He finally realized what had happened. He was trapped!

The man picked up the cages and walked out of the house. He put Alex's cage in a van. There were other mice in there too. The man shut the door, and the van started moving. Alex was scared, but he was tired, too, and he fell asleep.'

Alex woke up in a white room. There were a lot of other mice there, too.

Alex said to another mouse beside him, "Where are we?"

The other mouse said, "We're in a laboratory."

"What are we doing here?"

"They want to run some tests on us."

"Oh."

A little man in a white coat with black glasses walked into the room. He had a syringe in his hand. He walked over to Alex's cage and stuck the needle in Alex. All of a sudden Alex had a wierd feeling. Alex started to talk.

Alex said to the man, "Please let me out. I wasn't hurting the boy I lived with. None of the other mice hurt their boys either. So please let us go."

Luckily the man was sympathetic and said he would let them go. He opened all their cages. Alex ran out of the cage and ran home. Alan was glad to see Alex, and they lived happily ever after.

Jesse Peterson

## Serenity

The sun rose over the
beautiful morning sky,
as the steam lifted
off the calm blue water.

Loons moved about freely,
as they sang their
pleasant song.

Then, I strolled along the
beach and waved goodbye,
and ventured off into the
other world.

by Janeen Fowler

## The Unicorn

The Unicorn, a mystical,
magical animal,
He is make believe, yet
very real to some.
He lives only where you
want him to live,
In your heart, in your
hand, or in your mind.
He can only be touched
by the hand of peace.
He can only be seen through
the eyes of love.
He can only be heard through
the ears that are enchanted by make believe.
He can only be touched,
seen, or heard by people who
believe in themselves.
The mystical magical
Unicorn.

by Kara Ulloa

## Oh Boy!

The alarm goes off at 7 o'clock
The button on the toaster doesn't lock,
The scrambled eggs were soft and runny.
The milk was warm, the bread was crummy.
I ran out of the house 5 minutes late,
And as usual that old bus driver didn't wait.
I walked that long distance,
Tired and Worn,
When I reached the school my dress was torn.
I walked into class twenty-five minutes late
The way everyone laughed you'd think I was on some real bad date.
I looked down to avoid their laughs,
And oh my God my socks didn't match.

Kim Wright

## Shadows

Me and my shadow,
We were inseparable.
Then one day something happened.
I looked back.
My shadow was gone.
I was alone.

Janeen Fowler

## The Campfire

Can you imagine a campfire with people
all around?
The songs they sing are meaningful
and whisper of days gone by.

Can you hear the music, can you hear
the sound, can you hear the snapping
of the campfire with people all
around.

Jennifer Schwartzhoff

## Eternity...

If there was a mile high
mountain of granite and
every ten-thousand years a
bird flew by and brushed
it with it's feather....

Jenny Hannum

## Do you Think...

Do you think that in the year 2000
We will have grass and trees
or
or will we have cement roads and sidewalks that
are motionless and unrevealing.
and
Do you think that in the year 2000
We will be able to see the
beautiful sun and the clouds
and the moon and the stars
at night?
or
or will we see dark and evil
polution clouding the sky
and
Do you think that in the year 2000
We will still eat Fresh and
Wholesome Foods
or
or will we eat Food that is
Freeze dried and in packets.
and
Do you think in the year 2000
that all of the people will still
be different and have a choice
of jobs
or
or will they all become the
same - working and striving
for riche$$ and power.

Amy Birtell

## T.V. Today

Some people say, some people say
T.V. today, hooray, hooray
I think T.V. should show good shows
T.V. today, hooray, hooray

I like T.V., I think it's neat
It's a thing you just can't beat
During mysteries and scary shows
I think that T.V. really knows
That most of the people today
They say
T.V. today, hooray, hooray

Jon McKinney

## The Stars Song

If ever you might listen,
On a pitch black night,
When the stars are in the sky,
And the moon is glowing bright,

Like a whisper up above,
From a sad, lonely star,
Softly singing to himself,
In a mournful voice, afar.

The North Star starts,
For he's the saddest of them all.
He sings a solo by himself,
Then gives a meek call.

Then all the stars unite as one,
And the weak sound grows strong,
Then everyone rejoices in,
Their simple saddening song.

Then as you stare and look at them,
Each one wears a frown.
And silence comes, then all at once,
The tears come pouring down.

Stars that twinkle through the night,
Should not be so sad.
Ones that give off golden rays of nature,
Should be forever glad.

The secret you will never know,
As from the mountains comes the sun.
The stars have vanished from the sky,
And a happy new day has begun!

Laurie Schroeder

## Bed

It's getting late and you're ready for bed,
You're so tired you feel as if you're dead.
When you've conquered that mountain of stairs,
You realize that going to bed is just one of your cares.

Now you've made it to Gramma's old feather bed,
You want to sleep as well as you've been fed.
You sleep like a baby, and just maybe, you might
be awakened by the dog next door.

Craig Petersen

## Happiness is...

Happiness is a bird in a tree
Happiness is you & me
Happiness is a rainbow in the sky
Happiness is a rollercoaster ride
Happiness is...
Happiness is...
Happiness is anything you want it to be!!

Stephani Skelton

## Popcorn

I can hear the popcorn
popping in the pot.
I can smell the butter melting.
The fluffy white kernals popping everywhere
One lands in my mouth, umm
It tastes good.
Popcorn.

Gary Lindstrom

## A Wrestler

A wrestler doesn't just roll around
They stand up and get took down
The better you are, the more you'll win
And every once in a while you'll get a pin
If you believe what I'm telling you
You can be a wrestler too
If you practice like you should
You could get really very good
What I'm telling you is very true
If you don't practice you'll turn black
and blue.
But if you practice like I do
You can be very good, too.

Brad Garrels

## "Home"

I like my home
It's really nice
It's not very big
And we have some mice
But all in all I like my home
I wouldn't give it up for the Astrodome
My home is warm
My home is nice
It's really roomy and we have warm beds
I really like my home.

Jon McKinney

The child jumped off the back of the old pick-up truck, and brushing dust off of his new pants, bought especially for this occasion, glanced at the sun-shiny farm all around him.

Directly in front of him was a big white farm house with an open door which seemed to invite any weary traveler inside to enjoy the comfort it offered.

The next thing he saw was a green pasture just full of horses, cows, sheep, and even an occasional dog or cat. He saw one horse that was as red as the sun and thought, "That must be an elfin horse! It flies and can turn wicked things nice again. I wonder whether an elf will come out and chase a dragon or a wizard on it soon?" He searched farther in the field and saw a cow peacefully munching on the tender greens that grew there.

"That's a fierce bull that is ready to charge me at the slightest move!" he thought. "Its horns are as sharp as knives and its hooves beat a staccatto rhythm as it charges at me with nostrils smoking!"

"Ole!" he shouted loudly.

The cow raised her head slowly, shrugged at the foolish child, rolled her eyes, and continued eating.

The child wandered into a small building that had tiny windows. It was full of hens and roosters.

One hen rushed up at him forcefully when he intruded into the chicken house. Her black eyes flashed and her white feathers fluffed up to an incredible size, and the child backed out so fast, he fell on the dry earth outside. It smelled of straw and chicken feed.

He started to get up when a strong hand helped him to his feet.

"Come into the house and have some of Mother's apple pie," the kind man said.

As they were leaving the cow raised her head and commented to the horse, "My goodness! What are children being taught these days?"

Amy Morrell

Hi! I'm Robyn. What would you do if you had a million dollars? Well, here's what I'd probably do. I know I'd buy a new house. I'm sure you would, too! What would it be like? Mine would have a huge pool, and I would have the biggest room and the biggest bed in the whole world. I'd have my own bathroom, and the biggest heart shaped bath tub. I would have my own maid and lots of other stuff. Each of the other rooms would be done with very good taste. It would have a stable with a whole bunch of horses. I'd ride them every day.

After that I'd buy a car. It would be the biggest in the whole world, with a TV, phone, refrige, water; everything you could think of.

I'd buy a tutor for my brother and I so we wouldn't have to go to school again. Then I could sleep in the mornings.

I would have lots of parties and know lots of famous people. Knowing all those people would really be lots of fun.

Then I'd buy a tiger, bear, and an eagle. No one would ever rob me because of my large animals. My animals would be free to roam the house.

My dad would never have to work again. He would be home all the time.

I might even give money to the poor. Buy people operations if they couldn't afford them.

Then, of course, I'd buy jewels. Most of my jewels would be diamonds. Boy, I would really enjoy being rich!

Robyn Dobernecker

Small Mouse

I am a small mouse
And I eat a lot of cheese
I ate all my cheese

Butterfly

Butterfly up high
Swaying in the wind out there
Up, down in the sky

My Monkey

My monkey can swing
As high as he wants to swing
And he is my monkey

by Jenny Phares

School

School is a place to learn
School is a place for quietness
School is a fun place
School is filled with people
School is a place to meet new friends
School is a place to become friends with teachers
It's just school

Friends

Friends are forever
Friends are nice
Friends are fun
Friends are trouble
Friends are fights
Friends are making up
Friends are apart of your life
Friends are friends

Love

Love is for sharing
Love is for giving
Love is something you show
Love is a feeling on the inside
Love is a feeling to show on the outside
Love is parents
Love is grandparents
Love is love

by Christie Ferring

## Stay - Out

Stay - out!
You don't need to cry and pout!
I might be mad,
It's really quite sad!
It's not that I don't need you anymore,
but I can't seem to open my door!
It's really a mess.
I need to confess.
Might clean it today
Might tomorrow
one of these days your vacuum
I'll borrow
But until...
Don't cry and pout - just
stay-out
stay-out
stay-out!

Amy Fite

## "Valentine's Day"

The day of love is here once more
and Valentines are sent galore.
Hugs and kisses are given away
to those we love on Valentine's Day

Some send chocolates and others a card
But to choose the right one
is very hard

So please remember if you may
The thought is love on
Valentine's Day!

Ann Underwood

## Land of the Unicorn

Dreams and Wishes
Puppy Dogs and Fishes
Rainbows and sunshine
Imagination is all mine
It sets us free
To be what we want to be
All brings a bright new morn
If we believe in the land of the unicorn

Renee Braet

## The Life of a Push Point Pencil

Hi! My name is Scripto, the push point pencil. I'm in a package at the drugstore. I'm waiting to be brought by someone.

Here comes someone. Is my hair ok? She's picking me up and she's taking me to the cash register.

Ding! It's getting dark. A slip of paper fell on me. Wow!! I can see again!!!!!

The package is opening. I'm free!! Where is she taking me? I'm going to school! Ha! Ha! Ha! That tickles when she loads me with lead.

Ouch! I hate to see other pencils being sharpened. I'm glad I won't be sharpened.

Now she's putting me into a bag.

"Who are you? I'm Elmer, a bottle of glue."

"Nice to meet you Elmer. I'm Scripto."

"How old are you, Scripto?"

"Five leads old. I have one lead left."

"That's terrible!"

Being a pencil is hard work. Here we go again.

"Wow! Crack! Ouch!-----I'm out of lead!"

"See you!!!!!"

Scott Thompson

## Home

When I think of home I think of a cozy place to live. I think of it as a place where you are at home but you want to go out. I think of home as a place where you are away but you want to go home. I think of home as a place where the mother of the family is always scolding her children or cooking. I think of home as a place where lots of children roam. Home to me is a place I like to be.

Lecia Pewe

## My Opinion on Nuclear War

I think nuclear bombs are STUPID! We don't need them at all. What gets me is that the U.S. has enough bombs to blow up the world 11 times over. That doesn't make any sense, because if you blow up the world once you can't blow it up again.

I don't think we will ever have a nuclear war because nobody wants to die. The only thing I'm glad to see about nuclear war is that Reagan is trying to have a freeze.

My last comment will be, if Reagan is trying to have a freeze, why won't he stop making bombs?

Tim Mergenthal

There was a lady from New York
who just adored pork.
One day she did devour
500 pieces every hour.
But now she eats not
but stew from a pot.

Chris Hartman

The Weather

It's not that bad so
don't be sad
Don't let the fog
take away from your jog
Don't let the sleeting
take away from you meeting
Don't let the hail
keep you from sending the mail
Whether or not
you like the weather
Soon it will blow
away like a feather!

Michelle Hauger

Yellow,

Yellow, is two new chickadees
rising to greet the new world.
Yellow,
is a paint brush dabbing and
gliding across the page.
Yellow,
is the brite sun awakening
from a sleepless night.
Yellow,
are two bold daffodils
rising from their underground
grave.
Yellow,
is a once brite fire dying
into gray ashes.
Yellow,
are the leaves changing
from one color life to another.
Yellow is a golden wonderland
changing into a golden passage
into time.

Lesley Hamilton

## A Garbage Dump

I hear a can falling onto a paper bag,
I see old, rusted cans,
I see a doll, old and ragged,
I see old, wilted lettuce,
Potato peels, mildewy sneakers,
Broken bottles and gooey gum.

I hear cans and bottles, plastic.
and paper falling to the bottom
of the pile,
I see an old, rusted hubcap,
An old muffler
And an old tire rorn to pieces.

I see bumpy, lumpy, clumps,
I can feel squishy vegetables under
my feet.

I feel sharp cut glass,
I hear footsteps of rats climbing over
the garbage.

I smell rotten food,
old paint,
and sticky glue.
But I suppose not everything is
perfect.

Michelle Zogg

## Life

Life is short
Much too short
For my tastes
It's sweet and sour
For as the summer
Follows spring
So must the winter
Follow fall
Hopes in the sky
Expectations rise
Reality-
Brings you to a grinding halt
Hurtling to the ground
The bubble of life
It's burst.

Jami Van Ryswyk

## Hymn to the Unicorns

Beautiful Unicorn sparkling as the sun comes up
Oh, Beautiful Unicorn, Wishing on your horn
I can sometimes see you running like the wind
Your hair blowing
Your eyes glittering
like the sun hitting the ice on an early winter's day
You're so white and pure
like a bride on her wedding day
And Until we meet again Oh, Beautiful one
Oh, Beautiful Unicorn

Mary Greve

## The Great White Hunter

I got a B-B gun on one summer day,
and went along my merry way.
I shot at a sparrow, then at a plane,
And I shot at the towering weather vane.
I couldn't hit a cat's main course,
Until I shot at the big brown horse.
He began to whinny and run around,
He tromped holes in the soft, moist ground.
I got out of there as quick as I could,
And shot a few holes in some rotten wood.
The birds were flying all around,
But I hit the one that was on the ground.
The cat would have liked it, so would the hog,
But I was second there, the first was the dog.
I chased her all around the farm,
Then decided to put down my fire-arm.
As she ran away with the tasty bird,
That was when my mother was heard.
"Andy, come in, it's time for dinner."
I felt sorrow in my heart, not like a winner.
I felt like I should stop shooting that day,
But what the heck, it's only child's play.

The End

Andy Arp

Some people are
awesome
right from the day they hit good old earth.
and some,
however few, have to work to be bogas.
Even though this wonderful world
Really wouldn't be the same without those
other, lowerclass
on lookers, most are
disliked

Sarah Rood

## Run Away Home

She stood shivering
Beneath humidity-teased curls,
Another stray
Who found our door.

Our woman-child
Brought her inside
To hearth, food, and bed.

Warmed milk was not
Salvation
This time.

The foundling,
Eyes brimming spaniel sorrows,
Cried,
"Mom kicked me out.
She doesn't want me.
Will you accept me?"

Tough love lessons
Fresh in my head
forced me to say,
"Only tonight
To cool the water.
Then home."

Twenty hours later,
She went
Back to
A bewildered father,
A bitter mother, and the
Custody law.

M. Q. Lewis

The smell of burning leaves floating
through the gray cloudy skies.
Laughing children leaping
into piles of red, yellow and orange leaves.
The brown grass crunching under foot.
Bulky sweaters, winter coats
all coming out of hiding from backs of closets.
Fading flowers tell the story to come.
Ducks and Geese flying in high v's.
Men in hunting jackets with
guns and shells, aiming high.
All is still...
'til the click of the trigger and the bang of the gun,
cutting through the cold air.
After the smoke clears
all is silent again.

Mary Strohbehn

## Carmilla, the Girl

### Chapter 1

The Surprise

Most of my friends call me "Hey you," because they can't say my real name. My mother loves caramel so she named me Carmilla Lynne Zenners. This is my adventure.

My friend Jennifer challenged me to do this.

"I bet you can't go up to the old Hansen house, walk up the stairs to the third floor, light a candle and run down," said Jennifer.

"I bet I could," I said trying to be cool.

"Okay, then prove it. We'' meet you here at 12:00 midnight on Saturday night," Jennifer said.

I didn't know what to say. I didn't think that she would really believe me. I didn't want to do it.

"Mom, what should I do." I asked.

"I think you should do it. You said that you would, didn't you?"

I didn't answer. Something must be wrong. Mom is always so over protective.

But, I did it anyway. Against my better judgment.

I walked into the house. It was cold for some reason. I started up the narrow, broken down stairway. There were no lights that I could see because it was so dark. By the beginning of the second floor, I heard something behind me. I turned around. The lights went on and . . .

Surprise! Happy Halloween!

## Carmilla, the Girl

### Chapter 2

Accident Prone or What?

My mom says I am accident prone but I disagree. Hi, this is Carmilla Lynne Zedders again. Okay, so I do get into a lot of accidents, but it's not like it happens just for the fact that I am there.

"Mom, should I wear the blue shirt or the red one to Bobby's party?" Mike, my brother, asked.

"Oh, wear the yellow one, it brings out your blue eyes," I said answering his question. "Look, wear it like this."

I pulled the sleeve right off. Mom was pretty mad!

"Are you accident prone or what?!" she yelled.

It was getting to be a pretty common thing to hear lately.

"I am not, it was an accident and I didn't mean it," I said. "I'll prove it," I said angrily.

I can't believe I said that! There is <u>no way</u> in the world I can prove that!

"Okay, then prove it!" she screamed.

"All right, give me a day and I'll be ready," I said.

There I go again! How can I say these things? I shouldn't say something when I don't mean it. That's lying.

The doorbell rang and I answered it. It was Mrs. Phillips and she wanted to know if I wanted to babysit Lauren, Erin, and Erica Friday night. I accepted.

This was my big chance! It got to be Friday night and everything worked out great! Mrs. Phillips was so glad that I cleaned the house that she gave me an extra $2.00. Now I could buy that new ski suit I've wanted. Best of all, my mom started trusting me & she never called me, "Accident Prone," ever again.

Sarah Dix

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